

# THE SHIELD

*"From strength to strength"*

THE ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

1941



## THE SCHOOL SONG

### I

Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,  
Seminary fair,  
May achievements crown thy labors  
Is our earnest prayer.

*Chorus:*

*Hearts turned toward our Alma Mater,  
May our lives at length  
Prove thy daughters bear thy motto,  
"On from Strength to Strength."*

### II

Deep and clear as those blue waters  
Thou art reared above,  
May the characters thou moldest  
Hold thee in their love.

*Chorus:*

### III

Pure as yonder snow clad mountains  
Where our glances fall,  
May we in the years to follow  
Answer to thy call.

*Chorus:*

NELLIE BRIDGMAN PLUMMER, '95.





The Class of 1941  
dedicates THE SHIELD with affection  
to  
Miss Greason



# WITH APPRECIATION AND GRATITUDE

The Rt. Rev. S. Arthur Huston	- - - - -	Bishop of Olympia
Mrs. Grahame H. Powell	- - - - -	Dean of Residence
Miss Marjorie Atkinson ( <i>on leave</i> )	- - - - -	English
Miss Mary Beckwith	- - - - -	Nursery School
Mrs. Alice D. E. Beek	- - - - -	Art, Civilization
The Rev. Arthur Bell	- - - - -	Chaplain, Religious Education
Mrs. Elsie Cook	- - - - -	Classes I and II
Miss Henrietta M. Crane	- - - - -	Mathematics
Mrs. Vernon E. Crowe	- - - - -	Field Secretary
Mrs. Uwarda E. Day	- - - - -	Dancing, Swimming
Mlle. Margot Deny	- - - - -	French
Miss Charlotte Evans	- - - - -	English
Miss Marion Findlay	- - - - -	Housekeeper
Mme. Anita M. Gallin	- - - - -	French
Miss Mary Lucile Hatch	- - - - -	Music
Mrs. J. H. Hiatt	- - - - -	English
Miss Ingrid Jacobsen	- - - - -	Music
Miss Dorothy Knowlton	- - - - -	Classes V and VI
Mrs. B. N. Lenham	- - - - -	Home Economics
Miss Doris Lister	- - - - -	Secretary
Miss Lula Margetis	- - - - -	Classics, Civilization
Miss Helen McKay	- - - - -	Science
Miss Margaret McTavish	- - - - -	Assistant in Kindergarten
Mrs. Florence Perry	- - - - -	Financial Secretary
Mrs. Robert Sand	- - - - -	Classes III and IV
Mrs. Lois Beil Sandall	- - - - -	Dramatics, Oral Expression
Miss Louise Schreiber	- - - - -	History, German, Spanish
Miss Ann Schuchart	- - - - -	Library
Mrs. Erdine W. Schwan	- - - - -	Kindergarten
Miss Shirley Sherman	- - - - -	Physical Education
Miss Sarah B. Thompson	- - - - -	Mathematics
Miss Adelaide Van Rensselaer	- - - - -	History
Mr. Frederick W. Wallis	- - - - -	Voice
Mrs. Alice Welch	- - - - -	Housemother





Portrait by  
VIRNA HAFFER

## FOREWORD



HE work which the editorial staff of *The Shield* has accomplished this year deserves our fullest praise. It has been a joy to watch this book grow page by page, until, between its covers, it has become a finished product, dedicated to the best we have been able to achieve in a few short months. Perhaps you will remember how Alice and the Red Queen ran with all their might and main through the Garden of Live Flowers only to find themselves where they started and everything "just as it was." When Alice remonstrated with the Red Queen thus, "You'd generally get to somewhere else if you ran very fast for a long time," the Queen answered: "... it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast . . . !"

A yearbook is always a test of its right to exist. It should represent the best a school has to offer. It must run a race with its former selves to "get somewhere else" and it must, therefore, "run at least twice as fast." It is a test, too, of the ability, originality, and good taste not only of its staff, but also of its contributors. It must be a finer expression of Senior achievement and School cooperation than has ever been produced before. Above all, it must stand for the spirit of the School interpreted in ideas, words, and pictures—that spirit which is the very essence of the School's life, the inner substance which makes for its growth and development.

May this spirit guide you all in the days ahead and may it point the way to those who will plan another *Shield* in the years to come.

ELIZABETH M. FITCH.





#### THE EDITORIAL STAFF

Front row, left to right: Mary Elizabeth Abeel (Photography Editor), Barbara Mears (Editor-in-Chief), Catherine Cowell (Business Manager), Shirley Smith (Sports Editor), Mary Heard (Alumnae Editor). Back row, left to right: Rocelia Bordeaux (Lower School Editor), Geraldine Trammell (Classes and Clubs Editor), Barbara Hibbard (Art Editor), Betty Ann Love (Literary Editor). Advisers: Miss Fitch and Miss Evans.

#### FROM MY DESK

In 1931 the first *Shield* of the Annie Wright Seminary was published and presented to the school with "mingled feelings of fear and trepidation." During the succeeding years, with the success of the first yearbook back of them, senior classes have published their annuals. Now, the Class of 1941 has worked with pleasure and enthusiasm to give you this tenth edition of *The Shield*.

On behalf of *The Shield* Staff I wish to express our thanks to the Senior Class for its encouraging support; to Miss Fitch, whose versatility has solved all of our problems; to Miss Evans, whose enthusiasm and generous offering of time have directed our literary efforts; to Mr. Goff, our publisher, whose energy and sense of humor have made working with him a joy; to Virna Haffer, whose artistic ability has produced our lovely Senior pictures; to Mr. Eyerman, whose photographs of our school activities add much to the value of our book; and to all those "hewers of wood and drawers of water" whose continual help in many directions make possible our annual. With sincere hope that our efforts will give you enjoyment and will bring back happy memories, we present *The Shield* for 1941.

Barbara Mears



CLASS MOTTO

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
from whence cometh my help."*

*—Psalm CXXI.*



## THE CLASS OF 1941

### OFFICERS

*President* - - - - - PATRICIA CLARK

*Vice-President* - - - - - CATHERINE COWELL

*Secretary-Treasurer* - - - - - DORIS CARRINGTON

### *Advisers*

MISS FITCH

MISS GREASON

*Class Colors* - - - - - Yellow and White



MARY ELIZABETH ABEEL

815 North "G" Street  
Tacoma, Washington

*"As merry as the day is long."*

*Mary Elizabeth Abeel*

ESTELLE BEALL

Vashon, Washington

*"Great welcome makes a merry feast."*

*Estelle Beall*



*Rocelia Bordeaux*  
ROCELIA BORDEAUX

P. O. Box 113, Route Six,  
Olympia, Washington

*"Born with a gift of laughter."*





*Beverley Brown*

BEVERLEY BROWN

5101 North Thirtieth Street  
Tacoma, Washington

"Musick is the thing of the world that  
I love most."

DORIS CARRINGTON

1216 Fifth Avenue, West  
Seattle, Washington

"To have been true to certain ideals  
alone is worth the struggle."

*Doris Carrington*



PATRICIA CLARK

2370 S. W. Montgomery Drive  
Portland, Oregon

"Life is real and life is earnest."

*My very best wishes  
to you, Miss Fitch.  
Pat Clark*



You have made these  
last two years at the  
Seminary two of the  
nicest in my life.

CATHERINE COWELL

*Catherine Cowell*

1414 Maurice Avenue

Missoula, Montana

"A wise and understanding heart."

MARY ANN ELLISON

3808 North Proctor Street  
Tacoma, Washington

"For her heart was in her work."



*Mary Ann Ellison*

*Mary Erikson*



MARY ERIKSON

Fairbanks, Alaska

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."



Mary Heard  
CJ



MARY HEARD

Woodstock Apartments  
Tacoma, Washington

*"Even then, I dare not talk as funny  
as I can."*

BARBARA HIBBARD

1103 East Boston Street  
Seattle, Washington

*"The artist speaks to our sense of pity  
and beauty and pain."*

Barbara Hibbard



BEVERLY HOWE

3106 North Twenty-eighth Street  
Tacoma, Washington

*"A quiet mind is richer than a crown."*

Beverly Howe

*Allene Jones*



ALLENE JONES

Market Street  
Chehalis, Washington

*"A merry heart doeth good like  
medicine."*

BETTY ANN LOVE

P. O. Box 339, Route 1  
Tacoma, Washington

*"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."*

*Betty Ann Love*



*Virginia Ludwick*



VIRGINIA LUDWICK

3305 North Thirtieth Street  
Tacoma, Washington

*"All the world's a stage."*





*Janet McCoy*

JANET McCOY

Ambassador Apartments  
Portland, Oregon

*"In thy face I see the map of honor,  
truth and loyalty,"*

LESLIE McKAY

420 West Sixth Street  
Aberdeen, Washington

*"Gentle of speech, beneficent of  
mind."*



*Barbara Mears*



BARBARA MEARS

Priest River, Idaho

*"True ease in writing comes from art  
not chance."*



*Danae Morgenstern*

DANAE MORGENSTERN

2212 Thirty-fourth Street, South  
Seattle, Washington

*"Those who have known her smile  
have known perfection."*

*Mary Jean Rosenberg*



MARY JEAN ROSENBERRY

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

*"Laugh and the world laughs  
with you."*

*Shirley Smith*



SHIRLEY SMITH

1200 West Steel Street  
Butte, Montana

*"The world is as you take it."*





DOROTHY TRAMMELL

Turner Valley  
Alberta, Canada

*"I've taken my fun where I've  
found it."*

*Dorothy Trammell*

GERALDINE TRAMMELL

Turner Valley  
Alberta, Canada

*"You have a lighted candle of under-  
standing in your heart which shall not  
be put out."*



*Geraldine Trammell*



BARBARA TUCKER

1703 Parkside Drive  
Seattle, Washington

*"A maiden never bold, of spirit still  
and quiet."*

*Barbara Tucker*



*Jeanne Warren*

JEANNE WARREN

Hardin, Montana

*"Of surpassing vitality and in the bloom of youth."*

*Louise Wilbur*

LOUISE WILBUR

2801 North Junette Street  
Tacoma, Washington

*"In her tongue is the law of kindness."*





## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

June, 1941.

Dear Annie:

For thirteen years we've been watching senior classes walk down the front stairs and out the front door for the last time. Now, all too soon, it's our turn to go out into the big, big world, and it does look big from here! But before we go, we want to write to tell you how much fun we've had with you during those past thirteen years.

Do you remember the Class of '41 as "Small Fry"? Our first members were Mary Elizabeth, a frisky member of the Kindergarten, and Mary Ann, a very wide-eyed First Grader. From all reports our class was a problem even at that tender age! The Fourth Graders were everlastingly climbing in the willow tree, a popular tree with our class, and "acting up." Louise Wilbur made us a threesome in the Fifth Grade. She arrived just in time to start wearing the abhorred long stockings and to be told to act "grown up." Umm, seems we've been hearing that ever since! We've heard reports that our Eighth Grade Play, *The Wiving of Henry the Eighth*, was one of the best ever presented. Were you amused at our class as regal ladies of the English Court, Annie?

What green Freshmen we were! Catherine, whom we selected as our President, with the two Barbaras, joined the march of '41 that year. Do you still have one of the cowboy dolls from our Freshman Doll Bazaar table? And do you remember how we blushed as our dates came for our Freshman-Sophomore Hop? My, how proud we were of our new yellow ties which gave us the distinction of being "Freshmen," and how we attempted to act as though we "knew it all"!

Oh, Annie, shall you ever forget our Sophomore "Man Haters' Club"? Our aversion to the male race was indicated by yellow ribbons fastened on by very conspicuous safety-pins. That was the year the Trammell sisters came from Canada. Could you tell them apart at first? We all thought that they were twins. Mary Jean, who has finally convinced us that Idaho potatoes are the best on the market, joined our ranks, with Doris, Leslie, Janet, and Beverly Howe. Barbara Mears led us through that rather stormy year. Of course, it's needless to explain why we say "stormy" year. Our numerous perfume, persimmon, and orange fights must have given you fifty gray hairs! Perhaps it's better if we pass quickly over our Sophomore year. However, we shall never forget the pride we shared with you when Barbara Hibbard won the Art Award at Commencement exercises that year.

Being an Upper Classman was just about "tops"! Besides, living on Junior corridor gave us one less flight of stairs to climb. Our Junior year was highlighted by Miss Fitch's arrival. Remember how excited we were to meet her? We surely weren't disappointed! With Mary Jean as our leader, and with the additional enthusiasm of the new girls, Pat, Rocelia, Jean, Virginia, Betty Ann, Mary Heard, and Beverley Brown, we sped through an exciting year. You ate almost too many hot dogs at our Barn Dance, Annie! Pat published a *Crest* that was a *Crest*! And our Prom, wasn't it perfectly gorgeous? The Great Hall converted into a heavenly old English garden! Remember our white class sweaters and their yel-

low and white emblems? And the fun we had decorating for May Day! We were proud of Betty Ann, a lovely Maid of Honor, as she walked before the Senior Queen. And that night at the A. A. banquet when Pat was awarded the Key, we were thrilled. Annie, do you realize that it was our class that abolished the Senior Sorority? Nevertheless, we were properly initiated into the Senior Class at the Junior-Senior luncheon! But it was worth the ordeal to get Senior privileges. Oh, Annie, you can't imagine how thrilling it was to walk up front stairs without being invited by a Senior! Yes, our Junior year was truly a happy one!

Now even our Senior year has passed. When we returned last fall, walked proudly up Senior Stairs, and put our baggage and radios into Senior rooms, we were looking forward to a delightful year; but it has gone so quickly! We found the Senior Spade almost at once after we began searching for it. Then we were suddenly wearing our class rings; our Senior Dance was over; we were planning for our Senior Fair; then that, too, suddenly came and disappeared, leaving a large sum of money as a reminder. Pat, Catherine, and Doris have been splendid class officers. We hope, too, that Shirley, Allene, Mary, Danae, and Estelle have enjoyed being with our class its last year as much as we've enjoyed having them. It's unbelievable, Annie, that May Day, the Class Play, and Graduation have been our very own!

Now, it's time to say "Aloha." But just one last thing: before we leave, we want to give you a copy of our class song. In the years to come, no matter where you are, Annie, when you hear a few feeble voices singing it outside your door, please let us come in!

As ever,

THE CLASS OF 1941.

## 1941

*Class of '41 is marching on,  
Our colors flying high for mighty '41  
Our yellow and our white,  
Stand high within our sight;  
We'll challenge all and never fall  
And ever win the fight.  
Victory will always be our aim,  
We'll struggle on and on until we win our fame,  
And so we'll stand the best in the land,  
Our loyal class of '41 forever!*



## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT



E, the Class of 1941 of The Annie Wright Seminary, realizing the possibility of our being graduated in June, hopefully take advantage of a sane moment. Being in a generous mood, and at the same time being fully conscious of the consequences involved in committing this solemn deed, we now draw up our last Will and Testament, and bequeath:

To the faculty: the students, and also a much desired peace of mind, now that we are going, that they may endure another year.

To the Class of 1942: our Senior privileges accompanied by an adage willed to us by last year's Senior Class: "All that glitters is not gold." (We thought this warning unnecessary at the time, but beware, innocent young friends! "Experientia docet.")

To anyone who wants them: the various epidemics which attach themselves to the unsuspecting seminary student body, with hope that these intruders, urged by the desire to explore new territory, will leave Tacoma.

To each one of you: with our fondest sympathies, and with knowledge that we are, indeed, rendering a much needed service, the privilege of enjoying the two most outstanding contributions of the City of Tacoma, the pulp mill, and the tide flats.

Individual Seniors also leave special gifts to deserving Under Classmen:

Estelle Beall leaves her orchids to Jane Snider, who, she feels, may be tiring of gardenias.

Mary Heard passes down her well known ability to "catch on," to Fifi Hill.

Betty Ann Love hands over to Hazel Schaeffer her room at the seminary to be used on her frequent visits.

Doris Carrington and Barbara Mears leave their experiences with mice, to Catherine Gilbert and Mary Jeanne Norris, who also like popcorn. As an afterthought, Doris also leaves the willow tree—and perhaps it's just as well.

Janet McCoy and Mary Jean Rosenberry leave Bob Barlow to Genavie Diford. (Could it be that Lakeside came into the picture?)

Allene Jones leaves her rôle of Senior Class comedian to Joan Campbell, 'cause if she didn't Johnny would assume the part, anyhow.

Mary Elizabeth Abeel generously hands at least part of her devotion to the Navy, to Alice Anderson, who, we know, will appreciate this great sacrifice.

Virginia Ludwick leaves her arm-cast to anyone who needs a good excuse for not handing in written work.

Beverley Brown leaves the preëminent task of chaperoning Dwayne to concerts, to Anita Derby, who has had past experience.

Beverly Howe leaves her cautious driving ability to Georgiana Wiebenson.

Rocelia Bordeaux gives her Sunday night feasts to whoever would enjoy them as she has done in the past.

Leslie McKay and Barbara Tucker pass on their ability to harmonize (especially on Sunday nights) to Czerna Faubion and "Bebe" Purkey.

Jerry Trammell leaves her avid interest in the R. A. F. to no one, because she wants to take it with her.

Danae Morgenstern leaves her masculine callers to Connie Brewer, who may want a better view than can be obtained from the balcony.

Dorothy Trammell leaves her diet, as she is in the habit of doing every so often, to Kay Dariotis.

Barbara Hibbard leaves her ability to swim, even in her school uniform, to Hattie Giesy.

Jean Warren hands down her Montana style of dancing, to Jean Lenham, a fellow "statesman."

Shirley Smith and Catherine Cowell leave seminary athletics to take a course in *Jimnastics* at Montana.

Mary Erikson leaves her numeorus admirers to Marie Eckstrom.

Pat Clark leaves her passion for avocados to the entire Junior corridor.

And finally, after twelve years, Mary Ann leaves to the seminary her love and affection.

DORIS CARRINGTON AND PATRICIA CLARK, *Class XII.*

## PROPHECY

Mary Elizabeth Abeel .....	Still waiting for the U. S. S. "Honolulu" to return.
Rocelia Bordeaux.....	Ballerina of the Ballet Russe.
Estelle Beall.....	Going to Sylvia's Reducing School.
Beverley Brown.....	Cartoonist of the Superman Comic Strip.
Pat Clark.....	Working with the Chamber of Commerce to put Portland on the map.
Catherine Cowell.....	Head of the Department of Science at Columbia.
Doris Carrington.....	Working "mentally" for her M. A. in History.
Mary Ann Ellison.....	Selling her pamphlet, "How to Drive in Ten Easy Lessons."
Mary Erikson.....	President of the Alaska Canning Company.
Beverly Howe.....	Sitting on her hair!
Barbara Hibbard.....	Teaching sewing at Harvard.
Mary Heard.....	Vitality girl for Wonder Bread advertisements.
Allene Jones.....	Flipping pancakes for the lumberjacks.
Virginia Ludwick.....	Receiving an "Oscar" for the best comic rôle of the year.
Betty Ann Love.....	Nursery school teacher at the seminary.
Janet McCoy.....	On the Island of Madagascar, teaching Parisien French to the savages.
Leslie McKay.....	Nobel prize winner for her discovery of vitamin "X."
Barbara Mears.....	Enrolling son James, at Lakeside.
Danae Morgenstern.....	Kindly housemother at the University of Washington.
Mary Jean Rosenberry.....	Model at the Coeur d'Alene Penney's Store.
Shirley Smith.....	Teaching young Jim the "Montana Hop."
Dorothy Trammell.....	Still collecting hardware.
Jerry Trammell.....	Manager of the "Oilers."
Barbara Tucker.....	Following in the footsteps of Kirsten Flagstad.
Jean Warren.....	Helping Dorothy Thompson write her news column.
Louise Wilbur.....	President of the Shelton and Tacoma Airline Company.

ALLENE JONES AND MARY JEAN ROSENBERY, *Class XII.*



# CLASS

NAME	NICKNAME	AMBITION
Mary Elizabeth Abeel	"Liz"	To be a buyer
Rocelia Bordeaux	"Board"	To earn my own living
Estelle Beall		To be twenty-one
Beverley Brown	"Bev"	To be a fireman
Patricia Clark	"Pat"	To eat and grow thin
Catherine Cowell	"Cowelling"	To be an air-hostess
Doris Carrington	"Dee-Dee"	To find "my" college
Mary Ann Ellison		To accomplish something in art
Mary Erikson	"Eric"	To see the world
Beverly Howe	"Bev"	Interior decorating
Barbara Hibbard	"Hibbie"	To stop saddle shoes from squeaking
Mary Heard		Not to get "C—" continually in History
Allene Jones	"Jonesie"	To go sailing
Virginia Ludwick	"Ginny"	To be an actress
Betty Ann Love	"Sister"	To have girls wear uniform belts!
Janet McCoy	"Mac"	Smith
Leslie McKay	"Les"	A happy marriage
Barbara Mears	"Smearsie"	To go to Hawaii
Danae Morgenstern	"Danny"	To be a philosopher(?)
Mary Jean Rosenberry	"Rosy"	To go to the Dartmouth Winter Carnival
Shirley Smith	"Shirl"	To fly an aeroplane
Dorothy Trammell	"Dodo"	To operate a hamburger stand
Geraldine Trammell	"Jerry"	To be a dietician
Barbara Tucker	"Tuck"	To own a dog kennel
Jeanne Warren	"Jeanie"	To be a buyer of women's clothes
Louise Wilbur	"Weedee"	To get "C" in Chemistry

# CONSCIOUS

WEAKNESS	PET SAYING	PHOBIA
The Navy Cologne Hats Music Avocados	"Great Scott!" "Egad!" "Oh, joy!" "Hi!" "Hi, there!"	Untidiness Wiping dishes "A" students Sitting under hair-dryers The name "Patty"
China shops The Infirmary Milk Prunes Brown eyes	"There's no future in it." "I'm in love with love." "Oh, yeah?" "Well, girls." "What do you know?"	Insincerity Superficial people Gum snapping Running Oysters
Sleeping Horses Chocolate pies Day dreaming May Day	"Spare me!" "Yipes!" "Is he ever cute!" "Say, now!" "Oh, stop!"	Caterpillars Fish Sissies Army Bands High heels with socks
Hand-knit sweaters Wind and storm Hair bows Bath powder Clothes	"Agony!" "I don't think so." "Happy days!" "I'm sorry." "Well, I like <i>that</i> !"	String beans Washing dishes Alarm clocks Cheerful people before breakfast Short men
Butte, Montana New Year's Eve Home Jitterbugging Meeting people Sailing	"You said it!" "You can say that again." "I beg your pardon!" "Could be . . ." "Come on; let's go!" "That's no lie!"	Dieting Rhubarb Fuzzy hair Mustaches Quarreling Liver



21042375



# CLASSES





#### THE JUNIOR CLASS

*Seated, left to right:* Virginia Schwan, Elizabeth Leisk (Vice-President), Georgiana Wiebenson (President), Jane Snider, Dorothy Richards, Bonnie Jean Chitty. *Standing, left to right:* Jane Bronson, Joan Campbell, Winifred Saxton, Frances McGinnis, Mary Jeanne Norris, Marie Eckstrom, Josephine Hill, Hazel Schaeffer, Harriette Giesy, Anita Derby, Peggy Lee McDonald. *Advisers:* Mrs. Powell, Miss McTavish.

#### THE CLASS OF 1942

This year we Juniors found it great to be Upper Classmen. Under the guidance of our very efficient officers, Georgiana Wiebenson, Elizabeth Leisk, and Anita Derby, our class became an important part of the school. We have been called on to usher in Chapel and at other school activities, and we became famous for our Friday ice cream sales and our Wednesday candy sales. Once a week on "Sweater Day," the Juniors could always be spotted, for we decided to start a new style, and chose red cardigans with white shields for our class sweaters which made us look like the local fire brigade. Our members proved themselves outstanding during the Christmas season by managing the successful gift booth at the Senior Carnival, and by giving the Junior Jingle Bells Dance. Chaperones and students alike were gay with bell bracelets. Of course, the greatest thrill was the Junior Prom, which was dedicated to the Seniors. Although we have enjoyed this year thoroughly, we can hardly wait for Senior privileges!

FRANCES MCGINNIS AND JANE BRONSON, *Class XI.*



#### THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

*Front row, left to right: Alice Anderson, Avonne Nelson (Secretary-Treasurer), Marion Osgood. Middle row, left to right: Lisetta Rowe, Ann Sprowl (Vice-President), Marguerite Johnson, Elka Robbins (President). Last row, left to right: Catherine Metzger, Truc Elizabeth Schuh, Jean Lenham, Marion Ingram. Advisers: Miss Crane, Miss Deny.*



#### THE FRESHMAN CLASS

*Seated, left to right: Irene Purkey, Ann Stickney, Cynthia Gonyea (Vice-President) Czerna Faubion (Secretary-Treasurer), Constance Brewer, Margaret Snyder (President), Elaine Rydell, Kathryn Dariotis, Darcia Dayton. Kneeling, left to right: Imogene Billings, Fredella Hackett, Margaret Jean Langabeer. Standing, left to right: Lois Anderson, Merilee Longstreth, Jane Titcomb. Advisers: Mrs. Hiatt, Miss Beckwith.*





#### THE MIDDLE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Front row, left to right: Ann Joyce Bachrach, Mary Lee Odlin, Eleanor Mills. Second row, left to right: Dagmar Quevli, Marilyn Meyer, Marjorie Ludwig, Marlene Tenzler, Ann D. Hurley. Third row, left to right: Sally Ann Gilpin, Nancy Hull, Peggy Rust, Patricia Murphy, Jo Ann Leaverton, Mary Hooker, Joyce Taylor, Ruth Madsen, Janet Langabeer, Nancy Towler, Kay Klopfenstein. Last row, left to right: Marsha York, Virginia Dravis, Genavie Difford, Olive Bell, Dorothy Ann Christoffersen, Amelie Hains, Janet Saxton, Virginia Lou Petersen, Nancy Thomas, Glorianne Goetz, Barbara Hufford. Advisers: Miss Thompson, Miss Rupp, Miss Van Rensselaer, Miss Knowlton.



#### THE LOWER SCHOOL

**KINDERGARTEN:** Sally Ayres, Ernest Bianchi, Toby Graff, Barbara Gregg, Nancy Hill, Bruce McDonald, Richard McDonald, Evelyn Price, Robert Ribolla, Ann Rowland, Ann Ruble, Wallace Scott, Barbara Silvers, George Ann Thompson, Sheila Widener, Jacqueline Wingard, Katherine Wise. **FIRST CLASS:** Joanna Bloom, Sandra Hutchinson, Carol Johnson, Rosemary Larson, Patty Pinches, Mary Elizabeth Ruble, Janet Lee Schimke, Mary Thies, Patricia Walters, Judith Whitney, Patricia Wright. **SECOND CLASS:** Janice Dean, Carol Goodwin, Marie Jackson, Ann Mader, Patricia McCullough, Florence Meyer, Patricia Nordi, Jacqueline Read, Myrna Rothman, Helen Rust, Elizabeth Weyerhaeuser. **THIRD CLASS:** Nancy Creswell, Mary Ellen Long, Anne Martin, Delinda McCormick, Betsy Pfeiffer, Donna Resser, Jo Ann Roberts, Mary Carol Thompson, June White. **FOURTH CLASS:** Jane Creswell, Billie Johnson, Marcelle Lundegarde, Emily McFadon, Roberta White.



## A C T I V I T I E S





#### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

*First row, left to right: Joyce Taylor, Leslie McKay, Patricia Clark, Georgiana Wiebenson, Bonnie Jean Chitty (Secretary). Middle row, left to right: Margaret Snyder, Elka Robbins, Betty Ann Love (Vice-President and Chairman of Honor Board), Janet McCoy (President). Last row, left to right: Virginia Ludwick, Barbara Mears.*

### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

With Europe convulsed by the struggle between overbearing dictatorship and popular democracy, much attention is being given to the preservation of democracy here in our own country. One way in which the principles of self-government can be instilled into the minds of young Americans is through student government in the schools.

The Student Council at the seminary is a representative group of girls elected by the entire student body. Not only does it try to support the administration of the school in every possible respect, but it also attempts to carry out the idea of the honor system, which has been instituted here within the last few years and has proved very successful. Under this policy, the necessity of faculty control and the "policing" of girls is eliminated because each girl is put on her honor to do only that which is right and for the best interests of the school. This year the officers of the organization have been Janet McCoy, President; Betty Ann Love, Vice-President; Bonnie Jean Chitty, Secretary-Treasurer.

Through the bi-monthly meetings with Miss Fitch and Mrs. Powell, and through student forums, every girl has a voice in the student government. Teaching American youth in this way to cherish the blessings of self-government is the best insurance which any democracy could have against the oppression of foreign "isms."

JANET MCCOY, Class XII.



#### THE SEMINARY ATHLETIC COUNCIL

*First row, left to right: Leslie McKay (President), Mary Elizabeth Abeel, Doris Carrington, Barbara Hibbard. Last row, left to right: Marion Ingram, Anita Derby, Harriette Giesy, Hazel Schaeffer, Catherine Gilbert, Ann Sprowl. Pledges, not included in picture: Bonnie Jean Chitty, Mary Jeanne Norris.*

### THE SEMINARY ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The Seminary Athletic Council, new this year, was created to assist the Athletic Director, Miss Sherman. The members of this organization include the Athletic Association President, Leslie McKay; the Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Elizabeth Abeel; the Blue and the Gold Team Captains, Barbara Hibbard and Doris Carrington; and girls from the Upper School chosen by the Council for their athletic ability, sportsmanship, leadership, and dependability. Ten to twelve members are in the S. A. C.

The girls have regular duty at noon and after school, watching the younger children and taking over the direction of afternoon sports in the absence of Miss Sherman. At the weekly S. A. C. meeting, problems concerning duties or teams are discussed and straightened out and the sports' schedule is mapped out.

The S. A. C. president attends the bi-monthly Student Council meetings at which she reports on the Association's activities. Any questions raised concerning the S. A. C. are brought back to the members.

Two prize possessions of the Council are blue felt *beanies* with gold S. A. C. letters, which are worn on duty, and gold-plated pins with the letters "S. A. C." forming a triangle.

Although the S. A. C. is a new organization, we who are members of it feel that it will play an important part in the future life of the school.

LESLIE MCKAY, *Class XII.*





#### THE DANCE CLUB

*Front row, left to right: Catherine Cowell, Leslie McKay, Elizabeth Leisk, Georgiana Wiebenson. Middle row, left to right: Marion Osgood, True Elizabeth Schuh. Back row, left to right: Shirley Smith, Elka Robbins. Adviser: Mrs. Day.*



#### THE GLEE CLUB

*Accompanist: Mary Jeanne Norris. Left to right, front row: Ann Stickney, Catherine Gilbert, Ann Sprowl, Czerna Faubion, Virginia Schwan, Jane Bronson, Frances McGinnis, Virginia Ludwick, Constance Brewer, Barbara Mears, Darcia Dayton, Margaret Snyder. Left to right, last row: Louise Wilbur, Jean Lenham, Janet McCoy, Barbara Hibbard, Patty Billings, Cynthia Gonyea, Estelle Beall, Anita Derby, Beverley Brown, Winifred Saxton, Marie Eckstrom, Doris Carrington, Hazel Schaeffer. Conductor: Mr. Wallis.*



#### THE MASQUE PLAYERS

*Front row, left to right: Catherine Cowell, Barbara Hibbard, Janet McCoy, Anita Derby, Virginia Ludwick (President), Leslie McKay, Elizabeth Leisk. Back row, left to right: Betty Ann Love, Jane Titcomb, Doris Carrington, Frances McGinnis, Mary Jean Rosenberry, Beverly Howe, Beverley Brown, Elka Robbins, Georgianna Wiebenson, Jane Snider. Adviser: Mrs. Sandall.*

#### THE MASQUE PLAYERS

THE MASQUE PLAYERS were organized in 1938 for the purpose of furthering interest in dramatic interpretation.

Our membership is confined to twenty girls who are all enthusiastic workers toward our common goal. Membership is gained by tryouts held both in the fall and in the spring, at which times Portias and Lady Macbeths parade before the Masque members. In addition to her Shakespearean speech, each girl gives a pantomime for her try-out.

The officers of the club are elected in the spring of each year for a year's term. In May, 1940, the following officers were chosen:

Virginia Ludwick .....	President
Anita Derby .....	Vice-President
Barbara Hibbard .....	Scribe
Mary Jean Rosenberry.....	Treasurer

The Masque Players' Christmas play this year was "Eager Heart," by Lady Brandon, a modern story based on the ancient legend that the Christ Child returns on Christmas Eve to those on earth who are deserving.

Each spring, three one-act plays are presented to the friends of the seminary. One of the plays is chosen by the audience, is further worked upon, and is presented in the annual state contest held at the University of Washington's "Show Boat" in Seattle. In April of this year the plays given were, "I Knew George Washington," "Materia Medica," and "The Devil On Stilts," the last two by Colin Clemence and Florence Rearson. The seminary presented the latter play as its contribution to the program in Seattle.

Because of the generous help and interest of our director, Mrs. Sandall, and the untiring effort of each member, the Masque Players are steadily becoming one of the most important and stimulating organizations in the Seminary.

VIRGINIA LUDWICK, Class XII.





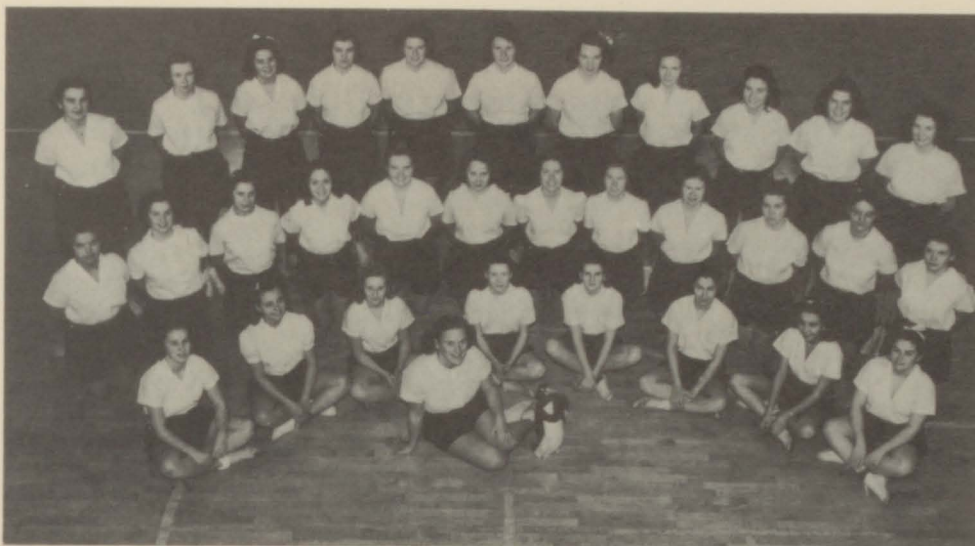
#### THE SERVICE LEAGUE

*Officers, left to right: Jane Bronson, Barbara Mears (Chairman), Marion Ingram, Jane Snider. Adviser: Mrs. Lenham.*



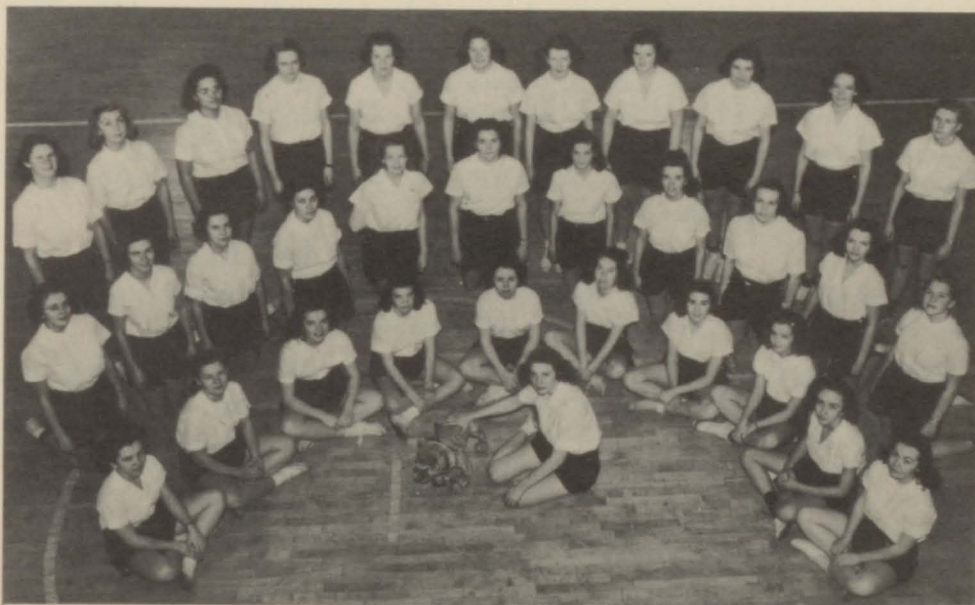
#### THE CHOIR

*Senior Crucifer: Doris Carrington Senior Flag Bearer: Leslie McKay. Front row, left side: Irene Purkey, Catherine Gilbert, Frances McGinnis. Back row, left side: Patty Billings, Virginia Ludwick, Anita Derby, Beverley Brown. Front row, right side: Cerna Faubion, Virginia Schwan, Janet Saxton. Back row, right side: Estelle Beall, Janet McCoy, Winifred Saxton, Barbara Hibbard. Adviser: Miss Hatch.*



#### THE BLUE TEAM

Center: Barbara Hibbard (Captain). Seated, left to right: Marguerite Johnson, Lisetta Rowe, Marion Osgood, Ann Stickney, Leslie McKay, Dorothy Richards, Kathryn Dariotis, "Bebe" Purkey. Kneeling, left to right: Rocelia Bordeaux, Danae Morgenstern, Fredella Hackett, Elka Robbins, Margaret Jean Langabeer, True Elizabeth Schuh, Alice Anderson, Jane Bronson, Barbara Tucker, Mary Erikson, Geraldine Trammell, Jeanne Warren. Standing, left to right: Marie Eckstrom, Mary Ann Ellison, Hazel Schaeffer, Frances McGinnis, Harriette Giesy, Winifred Saxton, Mary Jean Rosenberry, Jean Lenham, Betty Ann Love, Cynthia Gonyea, Beverley Brown. Adviser: Miss Sherman.



#### THE GOLD TEAM

Center: Doris Carrington (Captain). Seated, left to right: Catherine Cowell, Shirley Smith, Ann Sprowl, Darcia Dayton, Catherine Gilbert, Mary Heard, Virginia Schwan, Avonne Nelson, Czerna Faubion, Mary Elizabeth Abeel. Kneeling, left to right: Jane Snider, Bonnie Jean Chitty, Patricia Clark, Barbara Mears, Virginia Ludwick, Patty Billings, Merilee Longstreth, Louise Wilbur, Georgiana Wiebenson, Constance Brewer, Margaret Snyder. Standing, left to right: Anita Derby, Jane Titcomb, Dorothy Trammell, Janet McCoy, Allene Jones, Marion Ingram, Estelle Beall, Catherine Metzger, Mary Jeanne Norris, Elizabeth Leisk, Joan Campbell. Adviser: Miss Sherman.



## "CALLING ALL SPORT FANS"



URRAH for the Blues! Hurrah for the Golds! Let's give each team a big cheer! They both tried their best under the leadership of Leslie McKay, Captain of the Blue Team, and Doris Carrington, Captain of the Gold Team.

The sport year began with a hockey game for the Board of Trustees in the cold month of November. The tied score meant that the teams not only were evenly matched, but were going to put up a good fight to become the "champs." However, because of the severe winter weather, hockey playing was given up until spring. Three events in December may well be remembered: the day-trip to Mount Rainier with its beauty, fun, and sore muscles, the two skating trips to the Ice Arena in Tacoma, and the beginning of the basketball season.

The tournaments in ping-pong, bowling, and badminton began in January and lasted through March. Every girl did the best she could for her team. The overnight mountain trip was the most thrilling and the biggest happening in January. Girls from the Sixth Class through the Upper School enjoyed skiing in the evening and the snowy day at Mount Rainier.

In basketball, the Blues' first, second, and third teams won over the Golds'. The Seniors were the "champs" in the class games with Juniors second, and Freshmen third. Three cheers for the Freshmen!!

All the Upper School boarders and most of the day students enjoyed Play Day at the Bush School in Seattle. Upon our arrival we were entertained with games of volley-ball played with girls from both schools mingling to form the teams. Luncheon was served in a sunny dining room. During the afternoon, exciting basketball games were played. The seminary won the second team game and the Bush girls won the varsity game. After the games we enjoyed tea and visited with our new friends until time to say, "Good-bye."

On March 21, eighteen Seniors with Miss Fitch, Miss Greason, and Miss Sherman had an overnight ski trip to Mount Rainier. Gusts of snow added to the beauty of the scenery, but prevented anticipated sun tans.

Every Monday after school the Swim Club met in our pool and practiced on swim routines which were given on Dads' Day. Swim contests in diving and racing were also held.

On Friday afternoon for about an hour, ten or twelve girls went horse-back riding at the Woodbrook Riding Academy with Miss Sherman, Miss Van Rensselaer, and Mr. Hanum.

The last tournaments of the year were the tennis and the archery play-offs which lasted through May. Posture awards were given to the girls whose posture had improved most during the year. Awards for the winners of all tournaments were given at the A. A. banquet, thus ending a year well remembered for its enjoyable sport activities.

SHIRLEY SMITH, *Class XII.*



### BY THE GRACE OF GOD

**I**T IS the middle of winter, February; yet from my window I can see the gifts given us by Our Father. I can see a body of water, like an aged man, wrinkled and pale, with a white, foamy beard, yet strong and defiant, teasing all to oppose him; I can see the distant hills, still as death, shrouded in a mist, yet having a heart of warm, red earth and springing life from every side in shades of deep green; I can see the sky, threatening with its changeable, grotesque figures, yet offering its light; I can see persons, each one struggling for existence, living his own life, believing in his own ideals, seeking his own happiness; and most gracious of all, I can see this in peace, all by the Grace of God.

LOUISE WILBUR, Class XII.



## THE HORSE RACE

The horses were off, heaving and neighing,  
Running their swiftest, racing and tearing;  
The jockies were riding, joyous and excited,  
Eager to win, each one was hopeful;  
The galloping horses, gaining in swifttness,  
Approached the homestretch; hard were they running!  
The race was finished, all others had failed;  
Sea-biscuit the victor, vivacious and eager,  
Was cheered by the crowd!

JANE BRONSON, *Class XI.*

## THE COLT

A colt, new-born, wobbles 'round;  
Its four small hoofs scarce touch the ground;  
Its four long legs with creamy socks  
Stumble, fumble, trip o'er rocks.  
Its small, fine head, its bright brown eyes,  
Its black curled tail of minute size,  
Its silky coat, its tiny mane,  
Not spotted yet by earth nor rain,  
Give you the feeling it may be  
A Pegasus in infancy.

CYNTHIA GONYEA, *Class IX.*

## MOUNT RAINIER

Majestic Mountain, rising high,  
Above our valleys green,  
For untold ages have you stood,  
A sentinel serene.

Steadfast, undaunted, through the years,  
As seasons come and go,  
You stand untouched by human woes,  
A help to us below.

We love your snow clad slopes of white,  
A symbol of God's love,  
And perfume of sweet springtime flowers,  
Incense to Him above.

What lessons we can learn from you?  
To be calm and unafraid,  
To trust that right will triumph,  
In a world that God has made.

FRANCES MCGINNIS, *Class XI.*

## ON WRITING AN ESSAY



NE drizzly Wednesday afternoon in English class, you are sitting in your chair dreaming about how nice it would be if only your cat were black instead of white. "Just think," you say to yourself, "he would never look dirty and his hairs would never show on the furniture; that is, if he didn't happen to choose that yellow chair in the corner . . ." Suddenly you hear the class start as the teacher pronounces a much-feared word—essay. "Essay," you murmur in a dazed tone and look questioningly at your neighbor. She nods and adds, "Yes, by Friday—two or three pages—about anything you like." Fortunately, the bell rings, and the longed-for sound brings you to a mood of cheerfulness. "Oh, that's not so bad," you tell yourself. "It won't be hard, once I get started."

All Wednesday you are in rather a fog. At dinner you catch yourself muttering, "What about? What about? Prunes, cats, chipmunks, or rats?" repeating the words in a sort of sing-song rhythm. And at night, instead of sheep, you count possible subjects for your essay: "Windows, doors, chimneys, and floors,—prunes, cats, chipmunks, and rats,—shoes, houses, figs, and mice, no, mice." Finally you fall into a fretful sleep, tossing and turning like a ship on a stormy sea.

The next morning you wake up cheerful and gay. You're positive that sometime last night you came across a suitable subject. And you are supremely confident that somehow, sometime, something will occur to you again. Until then, you think, there is nothing to do but wait.

In Thursday night study-hall, you settle proudly to your work. But suddenly you realize that you don't yet have anything to write about. You sit and repeat the rhymes of the night before, but none of the subjects appeals to you. And, you argue, you just can't write an essay without an inspiration. So you sit and wait for an inspiration to "come" to you as it is supposed to do. But upon finding that it doesn't just "come" the way you thought, you grow frantic. What in the world can you do? Well, the first thing, you think, is to read some essays that other people have written and see what answer they found to the weighty problem. You get a book of informal essays and skim through the pages, glancing at the titles. There is one which intrigues you particularly, and which, you believe, if read, would help you in your essay. First one, then another catches your eye, and you become so fascinated, that when the bell announcing the end of study-hall rings, you start and realize guiltily that you haven't accomplished a thing.

Thursday night you don't dream. You have nightmares. You see a horrible picture of your English teacher chasing you with a hatchet raised menacingly above her head, and of you, yourself, fleeing for your very life. Then she has you on the ground holding the hatchet threateningly close to your face, while you lie dazed, muttering, "Essays, nightmares, tortures!—Yes, that's it."

You're up and dressed in a minute, frantically writing on "The Tortures of Writing an Essay." For an hour you write steadily and then start to revise. After much rereading and recopying, you suddenly discover that this piece of writing is an essay after all.

You walk proudly into English class and hand in your paper with a flourish. But behind this valiant front is a very despairing you, for although you managed to do it this time, you are sure that you will never be able to live through such an ordeal again.

GEORGIANA WIEBENSON, *Class XI.*

My memories are bits of golden sand,  
held within the hour glass of my mind.

CZERNA FAUBION, *Class IX.*



## IN THE SHADOW OF GUADALUPE



ARLOTA whirled gaily on the tips of her silver slippers. The red skirt rushed around her ankles and made them feel cool; the heavy odor from the white hyacinths in her hair filled her with an intoxicating joy. Since midnight the bells of the Church of Guadalupe had been clamouring wildly, and now the dawn of the fiesta day had arrived. Carlota ran to the window. Already the plaza was crowded with jubilant merry-makers. Here and there the morning sun touched a spangle on a bright costume, making a spark of silver in the crowd. Hundreds of crude booths had been erected along the street. Toward these, the hungry people pressed for their breakfast. Carlota's mouth watered at the thought of the "Jot Queques." Even though Papa Feliz had never allowed her to eat hot cakes from a street peddler, Beatriz had told Carlota, "They ease the stomach marvelously."

What a light-hearted time was the Festival of Los Reyes! There were music, games, and sugar cane, and a bullfight when Juan would fight the most ferocious bull in all of Mexico. Juan was so big and handsome! But Papa Feliz did not think so, and now Juan was going to fight this bull to prove to Papa Feliz that he was worthy enough to marry her. Carlota sank to the window seat.

When Señor Feliz entered his daughter's bedroom, he found Carlota gazing anxiously out of the window. Señor Feliz sighed. How lovely was this child of his, especially now as she sat in the window seat, glowing like a red rose in her mother's dress! He stood gazing at Carlota's brown hair and wide, inquisitive eyes, hardly hearing her cheerful, "Good morning, Papa." It seemed as though he were seeing his bride again, standing in the same red dress and waving good-bye as he marched away with General Obregon to the revolution. When he came back three years later, he found only a small child awaiting his return. Carlota had grown up to be even more beautiful than her mother. Soon she would be getting married and not one of her suitors was worthy of her. Señor Capistrano's son was a good-for-nothing, often reported as playing *loteria*. And Don Albano, the young architect, could barely make a living for himself. Ferdinana, the most recent admirer, was an arrogant Spaniard. Then there was Juan Nueas. Bah! A matador, a bullfighter! But deep in his heart Señor Feliz knew that Carlota and Juan were in love. His family was all right, but Juan could not even kill a bull decently. Now this afternoon, the insolent youth was going to fight what was said to be the most ferocious bull in Mexico, to prove to him, Señor Feliz, that he was worthy enough to ask for Carlota's hand. Well, the coward would be killed by the bull, or would run and make a fool of himself.

Accepting Carlota's invitation, Señor Feliz sat down beside her and they began to plan how to spend the day. In the morning Carlota and her maid, Concha, were going to the band concert. After lunch Papa Feliz and she would go to the market to see the masks and costumes of the peons. Then to climax the day, they would attend the bull fight.

\* \* \* \*

The sun was just setting when Señor Feliz proudly offered his arm to Carlota. The bull fight would end the first day of the fiesta. As they entered the arena, Señor Feliz was certain that Carlota was the most beautiful lady at the fight. Her gay red skirt and shawl had been replaced by a black lace gown and mantilla which fell from her comb in graceful folds about her slender shoulders.

After they were seated in their cushion-lined box, Carlota looked around the arena at the rapidly filling seats. Several rows back of the Feliz' box, a fat, little Mexican was yelling, "Coo-shans, nice soft cooshans for the cement seats." Carlota smiled. How much this fat Indian reminded her of the band conductor she had seen that morning in the plaza! He had stood on the platform for two hours, waving his fat arms and scowling at a scrawny horn player in the back row of the band, who was blowing laboriously on an instrument twice his size. Everyone but the conductor laughed joyously when he hit a sour note.

In the midst of so much hilarity, she had easily slipped away from Concha and returned undiscovered a few minutes later. It had been toward the Church of Guadalupe that Carota had pushed through the crowd of hideous masks and brilliant skirts.

Rustling his program Señor Feliz leaned over his daughter.

"Is this," he inquired, indicating a picture of Juan, "the Hero?"

"Si, Papa."

"Umph!"

Carlota frowned. Why did Papa Feliz dislike Juan? Oh, Juan, you must win the fight! She had stolen away from Concha that morning to go to the church to pray for Juan. Carlota closed her eyes and imagined she felt the cool, silent air strike her face as it had that morning when she entered the church. Again she kneeled beside the little Indian woman and watched for a moment the dried lips move in prayer. The words of her own prayer came back to her and she repeated them over and over.

"Madre mia, do not let him be killed!"

The sound of the trumpets brought Carlota's thoughts back to the bull arena. The gates swung open and the band ushered in the processions of bull fighters. Behind the blue uniforms came the mounted picadores, their yellow costumes glistening brightly in the last rays of the setting sun. Long lances lay across their knees. The banderilleros followed, strutting in their sumptuous black satin costumes. In each hand they carried a dart topped by a gaily colored flag.

Carlota hardly saw the parade. She watched only for Juan's entrance. Señor Feliz noticed the muscles tighten in her throat when Juan entered the arena, handsome in black and gold satin, the red cloak tossed carelessly over his shoulder.

Then the bull was released. He thundered into the ring, big and black, with long, white horns and wide, hot nostrils. Even Carlota laughed when he chased a frightened banderillero behind one of the safety guards.

After sticking the bull with their lances and darts, the picadors and banderilleros marched off the field, leaving Juan with the pain-crazed bull. Juan flung the cape before him. The bull charged. Juan sidestepped, smelling the acrid odor of the beast as it rushed by. The bent head came at him again and Juan nimbly stepped aside; but the bull suddenly whirled and flung his huge hulk at the back of the matador. Realizing his danger, he jumped quickly aside, lost his balance, and fell. Juan could almost feel the sharp horns pierce his chest before he rolled over. When he pushed the sword through the creature's breast, the hot blood squirted from the wound and covered him. Juan stood up and bowed proudly to the jubilant crowd.

Señor Feliz grinned at his daughter. "You know, Carlota," he said, "that Juan fellow might make a good son-in-law, at that!"

Carlota squeezed his arm and smiled mysteriously.

BARBARA MEARS, *Class XII.*



## PRINTEMPS MIL NEUF CENT QUARANTE ET UN



E printemps est une saison de vie et de joie. Partout il y a des petites choses vertes. Les fleurs, l'herbe et les feuilles commencent à se montrer. Et tous les oiseaux sont revenus du Sud. Qu'il est joyeux de les entendre chanter et gazouiller en haut, dans les arbres, au ciel si bleu!

Ici, en Amérique, aux Etats-Unis, il n'y a pas beaucoup de raison de nous inquiéter. Nous ne sommes pas encore dans la deuxième Grande Guerre. Pensez à l'Europe!

Quand on pense au printemps, d'ordinaire on pense à Paris aussi. Je ne sais pourquoi. Peut-être est-ce parce que Paris est si beau et si charmant au printemps. Mais cette année-ci il y aura beaucoup de différence. Paris est plongé dans un silence profond. Les arbres des Champs-Élysées et du Bois de Boulogne deviennent verts tous seuls. Ne croyez pas qu'il n'y ait personne à Paris et en France. C'est simplement que maintenant la vie est sérieuse, sans beaucoup de gaité, bien que la surface ait l'air calme et serein. La plupart des femmes ne sont pas heureuses et joyeuses parce que le monde est en guerre, la France est aux Allemands, et les hommes—les maris, les fils, les amoureux sont prisonniers, blessés, ou morts.

C'est ce qui est arrivé quand les Allemands ont envahi la France. Mais toute la France n'est pas tout à fait soumise. Elle, comme tous les autres pays qui ont été conquis, se relèvera au printemps!

JANET MCCOY, *Class XII.*

## GRANADA



GRANADA es la antigua capital del último reino de los moros de España, en donde quedan todavía grandes monumentos de su civilización, sobre todo la Alhambra, palacio maravilloso de sus reyes. Esta ciudad tiene un clima muy bueno en los meses de julio y agosto. Viajar durante estos meses en España es muy agradable.

Es muy interesante pasearse por las calles de Granada. Hay la magnífica Sala de los Embajadores, edificada por Yusuf primero, en la primera mitad del siglo trece, y el patio de los Leones, construido en el reinado de Mohámed quinto, a fines del siglo trece. Las tumbas de Fernando y Isabel estan en la Alhambra.

BARBARA TUCKER, *Class XII.*

## DIE FRUEHLINGSZEIT

Im Fruehling sint die Blumen  
Bunt in den Feldern,  
Hunderte Vogelein singen  
Schoen in den Waeldern.

Im Fruehling fliesst das Baechlein  
Lustig ins Meer,  
Da schwimmen viele Fischlein  
Munter umher.

MARIE ECKSTROM, *Class XI.*

## LE PRINTEMPS

Le printemps est ici.  
Les oiseaux chantent à tue-tête;  
Les fleurs dansent dans le jardin.  
Voici, Nature, votre jolie fête.

Dans l'étang les poissons nagent,  
Jusqu'à ce qu'ils se reconnaissent  
Le rayon du soleil sur leur dos,  
Et puis comme ça ils disparaissent.

Les rivières sont-elles gaies?  
Les champs très verts? Mais oui!  
Oh, je suis contente ce matin  
Car c'est le printemps aujourd'hui!

MARY ELIZABETH ABEEL, *Class XII.*

## WASTEFUL WORLD

So much depends  
upon the sun—  
The color of  
the daisies' eyes  
The daffodil's  
new yellow frock;  
The dandelion's  
close-cropped beard.  
And yet we sleep  
and waste his gold.  
Should not we grasp  
his every beam  
And use it on  
some painter's brush  
To paint this dark  
and dreary world  
With happiness  
and golden light?

BONNIE JEAN CHITTY, *Class XI.*

*Editor's Note: We are proud to include one of two poems by Bonnie Jean Chitty which were accepted by the National High School Poetry Association and were published with Honorable Mention, in the "Second Annual Anthology of Northwest High School Poetry."*



## THIS TOO SHALL PASS AWAY

I am a bomb.  
Today I will destroy a great cathedral.  
My brother, likewise, will destroy  
Hospitals, churches, schools, and homes.  
Only worthless fragments remain  
When our work is done.

I am a bomb.  
I should be proud that I am able to obliterate all things  
No matter what the size or worth;  
That ancient edifices will be no more,  
When my work is done.

I am a bomb.  
I laugh to think that so much faith is placed in me.  
For I cannot conquer all. One adversary still remains,  
Untouched, unharmed,  
When my work is done.

I am a bomb.  
I know that I have only temporary power,  
For there is something in the heart of man,  
Something great, something strong.  
Some call it love of God;  
Some, love of freedom.  
It enables man to rebuild the pieces that remain  
When my work is done.

It constantly defies me,  
It rises against me  
And plainly shows the futility of my labors.  
That is why I laugh when you place faith in me.  
I am only a bomb.

DORIS CARRINGTON, *Class XII.*

## A GLOOMY ARRIVAL



THE arrival at the Mountain was far from cheerful. I was cold; in fact, freezing, and my stomach was far from satisfied. To top that off, I lost my mitten in the snow. My mitten was white which, of course, helped the search greatly. I walked back and forth several times (slipping every step I took) before I found it. Then suddenly, something came to my mind, "Where was the chaperon?" I saw a door where everybody seemed to be going in. Well, I put two and two together and got five. So I decided to go in, too, and maybe I could find the others. But when I got in, everybody seemed to be going out. I stopped to put my thinking cap on and somebody poked me and said, "Keep moving. I want to eat, sometime." I said, "So do I," but I was a good sport and kept walking. The person ahead of me seemed to know where he was going, so I followed. He went into a large door and I heard him ask somebody why there wasn't any light. The reply was that the lights had gone out. He went in another door and up some stairs. I've never been so happy to see anyone in all my life as I was to see the chaperon, except, maybe, my mother when she had a chocolate cake in her hands.

KAY KLOPFENSTEIN, *Class VI.*

## MY HAPPINESS

The things I list below  
Are the things that I love best,  
The things that always give me joy  
Until in Heaven I rest.  
And there I'll find a different peace  
One undisturbed by time;  
But until then I'll love this earth  
And things which I call mine.

I love the rain on a wintry night,  
The crunch of snow beneath my feet,  
The sound of birds of lonely flight,  
The shade of trees on a day of heat,  
The dew on the grass in early morn,  
The sight of a colt just newly born.

These I'll remember when I'm above  
For these are the things I dearly love.

MARGARET SNYDER, *Class IX.*

## SIGNS OF SPRING

Spring is a gay cheerful time of year, full of  
sunshine and bird songs.  
It is the time of year when all the little buds  
come and the earth begins to  
turn a soft light green.

Also in spring, come gardening and lovely walks.  
You can see all sorts of new flowers, from little  
purple crocuses, to tall Japanese  
quince.

Then there is a time in spring when a lot of little  
new animals, standing on shaky  
new legs look inquiringly at strange  
new sights.

There are angleworms lazily sunning themselves and  
old toads blinking sleepily at the  
fresh world.

These are the signs of spring.

DAGMAR QUEVLI, *Class V.*



## WE JUST LIVE



F you have heard the Upper Classmen using a large vocabulary these past months, you may attribute the fact to Miss Evans' chocolate box, which, by the way, really contained chocolates one day!

From all signs, Miss Fitch must have had barrels of fun on her eastern trip — especially since we are now wearing ankle socks.

Hearts came on February 14 and went on February 15. The label on each package was, "Perishable. Do not break."

News Bulletin: War wages on Western Front. Fourteen inch saboteurs undermine Headmistress' cottage. Miss Fitch retaliates with Home Defense. Invaders capitulate.

At most schools the Upper Classmen initiate the Freshmen, but our "Freshies" reversed the process at their Hallowe'en Chamber of Horrors this year!

And then, there were some Seniors who wondered why *ibid.* wrote so many things.

May Day dresses which you might have called "pretty," were known to members of the Senior Class as, "S. S. and G." (For your information, "Sweet, Simple, and Girlish.")

There's something about high heels which causes students to sit up and take notice; but who, we wonder, invented rubber soles?

And "can you remember to forget" the "piping" good time we had on our last Senior Mountain trip?

It was rather "casual" when five pages were found missing from an American History book, wasn't it, Miss Van Rensselaer?

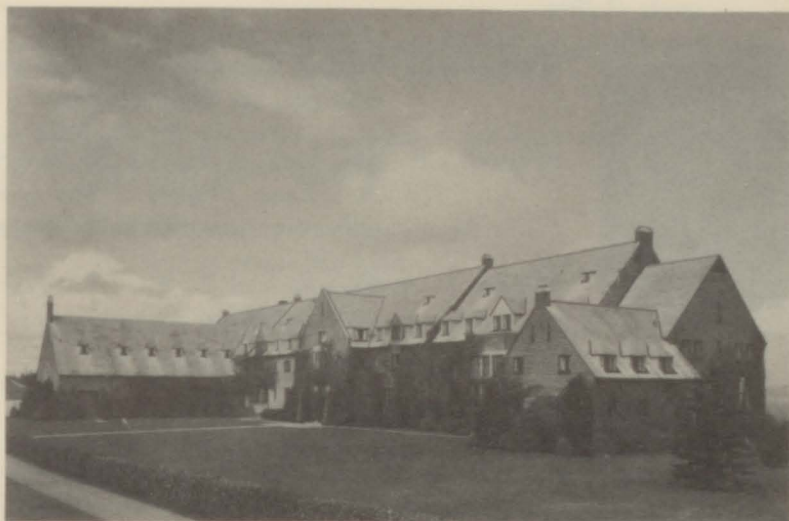
At last the Senior Class has been able to live up to its last year's motto, "To the stars through the icebox," now that they have taken tables!

DORIS CARRINGTON, *Class XII.*

## RESULTS OF MY COLD . . .

My bleary eyes peer at the world,  
My hair hangs lank, it has no curl!  
My nose is red, my face is white  
I look a ghostly, ghostly fright.

CZERNA FAUBION, *Class IX.*



IT HAPPENED  
HERE



## IT HAPPENED HERE

September 9—Off for another year of fun and work!

September 14—Campfire on hockey field. Wieners, potato salad, and everyone in sports clothes.



September 21—Student Council dance in the gym. The new girls are good dancers.

September 28—The seminary goes to the launching of the "Cape Flattery." The Governor's wife sprays us with real champagne.

October 4—Formals and Seattle. "La Traviata" is really a "Night at the Opera."

October 6—Why are all the Seniors so dreamy today? Can it be their patriotic dance last night?

October 26—Hallowe'en party. The Freshmen's Chamber of Horrors is just that!

October 30—Masque initiation. (Join the club for further information.)

November 2—Skating party. Short skirts, spills, and lots of hot chocolate!

November 6—Paul Robeson's concert in Seattle. Beautiful spirituals.



November 8—Fray and Braggiotti, duo-pianists. How they can swing it!

November 15—Christmas Fair. Everything from a voice recording machine to a puppet show.

November 30—Day trip to the Mountain. Wonderful skiing.

December 7—Junior Jingle Bells dance. Great time is had by all. There are real jingle bells, too.

December 14—An old English Christmas Dinner is given in the gym. Umm, do we like wassail!

December 17—School is out early because of flu. No Carol Service.

January 5—Back to school. That speaks for itself.

January 15—Junior Class present sweaters. They really paint the school red.

January 24—Overnight Mountain trip. One "swell" time.

February 3—Richard Crooks in Tacoma. Marvelous!

February 8—The Lunts in "There Shall Be No Night." We should not have forgotten our hankies.

February 11—The Juniors and Seniors spend the day in Olympia seeing "State Government in Action."

February 15—Lakeside comes here for dinner and dancing. Need more be said?

February 20-23—Washington's Birthday recess.  
"There's no place like home—"

March 1—Freshman - Sophomore Hop, presided over by two adorable Uncle Sams.

March 8—Masque plays. Don't we wish we could all meet Nate Humphrey, Barry Craig, and Dr. West?

March 12—Marion Anderson. She simply brings down the house!

March 15—We go to Bush for play day and we divide the victories.

March 21-22—Senior overnight Mountain trip. "Best yet," they say.

March 28-April 6—Spring vacation!!!

April 13—Easter day. Lovely as usual.

April 26—The Junior Prom. Who says, "The best dance of the year?"—The best dance in a lifetime!

May 10—Dads' Day. Dads are grand, aren't they?

May 17—May Day. Betty Ann makes a gorgeous queen, and Janie is a darling Maid-of-Honor. A. A. banquet at night. A regular sob story, but fun galore.

May 24—Upper-school picnic. Girls, food, and faculty.

June 10—Alumnae Day. The Senior play—"As You Like It"—and is it!

June 11—Commencement. The end of a perfect year and the loss of a grand group of seniors.

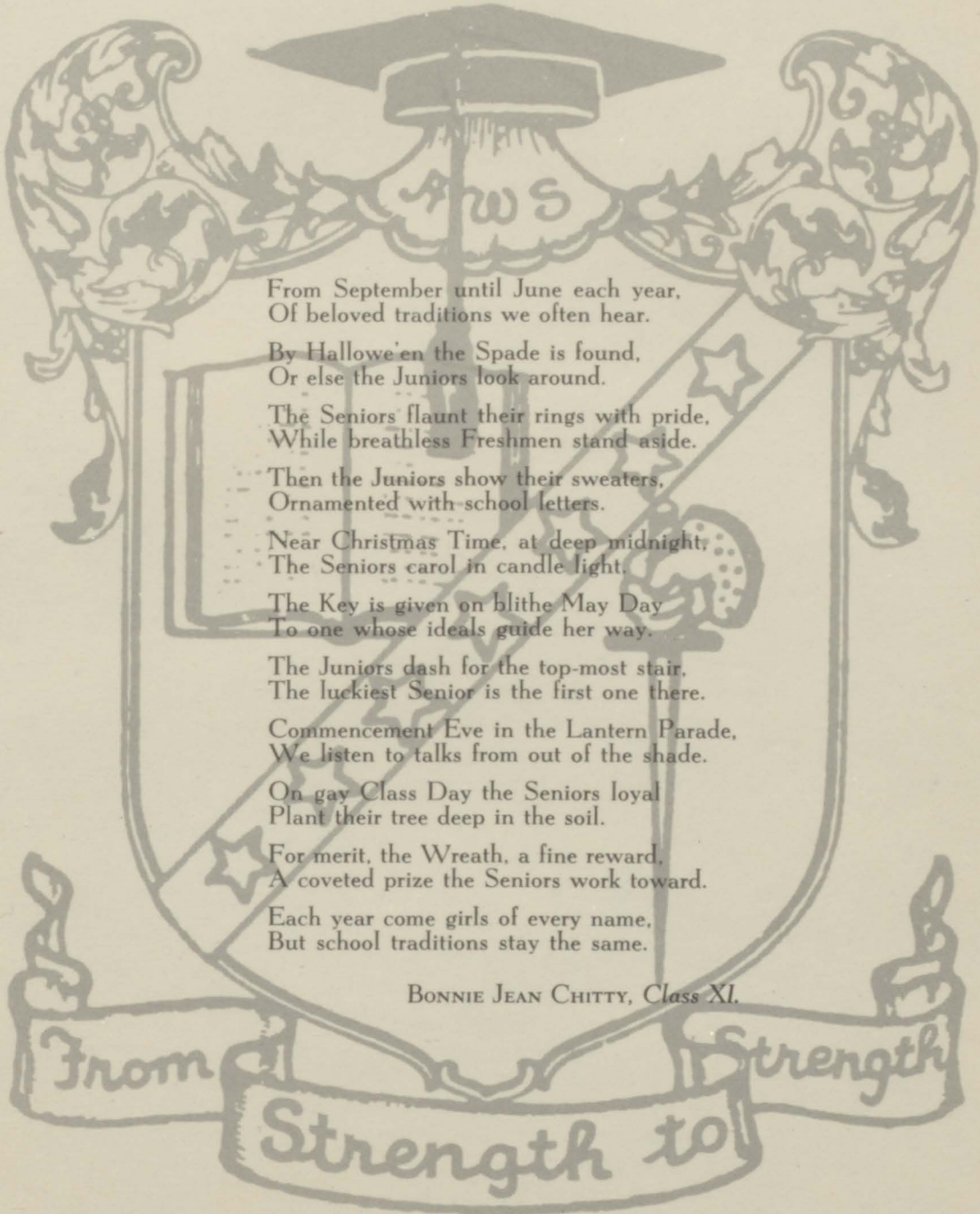


JOSEPHINE HILL, ELIZABETH LEISK, AND GEORGIANA WIEBENSON, *Class XI.*



## AUTOGRAPHS

## TRADITIONS



From September until June each year,  
Of beloved traditions we often hear.

By Hallowe'en the Spade is found,  
Or else the Juniors look around.

The Seniors flaunt their rings with pride,  
While breathless Freshmen stand aside.

Then the Juniors show their sweaters,  
Ornamented with school letters.

Near Christmas Time, at deep midnight,  
The Seniors carol in candle light.

The Key is given on blithe May Day  
To one whose ideals guide her way.

The Juniors dash for the top-most stair,  
The luckiest Senior is the first one there.

Commencement Eve in the Lantern Parade,  
We listen to talks from out of the shade.

On gay Class Day the Seniors loyal  
Plant their tree deep in the soil.

For merit, the Wreath, a fine reward,  
A coveted prize the Seniors work toward.

Each year come girls of every name,  
But school traditions stay the same.

BONNIE JEAN CHITTY, *Class XI.*



## JUNIOR STEP SONG

Where, oh where are the few green Freshmen?  
Where, oh where are the fun-making Freshmen?  
Where, oh where are the frightened Freshmen?

Safe, now, in the Sophomore Class.  
They've gone out with their short hair growing,  
They've gone out with their new glamor showing,  
They've gone out much more knowing,  
Safe, now, in the Sophomore Class.

Where, oh where are the silly, silly Sophomores?  
Where, oh where are the non-serious Sophomores?  
Where, oh where are the ever-struggling Sophomores?

Safe, now, in the Junior Class.  
They've gone out with their bright hair gleaming,  
They've gone out with their faces beaming,  
They've gone out a little smarter seeming,  
Safe, now, in the Junior Class.

Where, oh where are the jolly, jolly Juniors?  
Where, oh where are the jam-session Juniors?  
Where, oh where are the June mad Juniors?

Safe, now, in the Senior Class.  
They've gone out new poise attaining,  
They've gone out their fun retaining,  
They've gone out deep wisdom feigning,  
Safe, now, in the Senior Class.

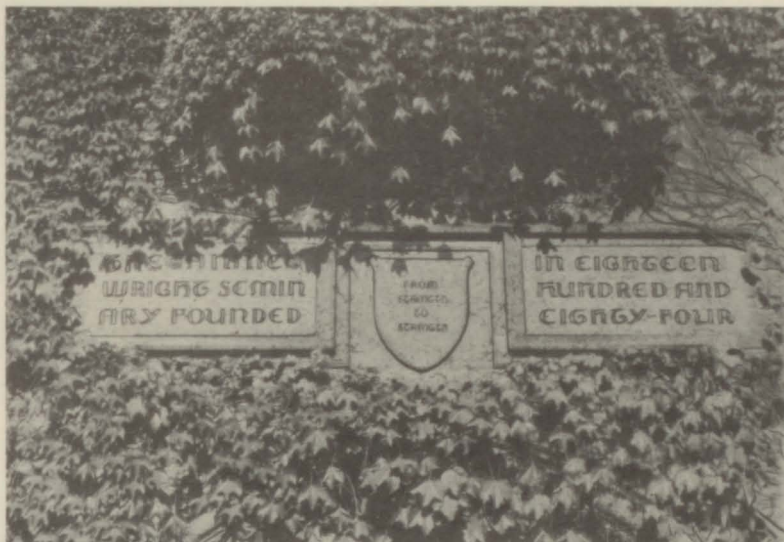
Where, oh where are the grand old Seniors?  
Where, oh where are the soaring Seniors?  
Where, oh where are the social-minded Seniors?

Out, now, in the wide, wide world.  
They've gone out stuffed full of knowledge,  
They've gone out prepared for college,  
They've gone out with "superioroledge."  
Out, now, in the wide, wide world.

We will all go out to meet them,  
We will all go out to meet them,  
We will all go out to meet them,  
Out, out, in the wide, wide world.

We will all come back together,  
We will all come back together,  
We will all come back together,  
Back, back, from the wide, wide world.

CATHERINE GILBERT AND ELIZABETH LEISK, *Class XI.*



## A L U M N A E



## ALUMNAE SECTION

Dear Members of the Class of '41:

You are to be graduated in June from a school which, I am sure, has become more than a small part of you during your years of attendance. You will find in the years following graduation, that the days you think you are leaving behind are always influencing all you do.

It is my happy privilege to welcome you into the Alumnae Association. This association is not just a group of women who went to the seminary so long ago that they cannot possibly feel as you do about your school, but a group who hold deep in their hearts an abiding love for the seminary. Each one of us feels that she is as much a part of her school as it is of her, and through our Alumnae Association we keep this spirit alive. We work together as you do now for the seminary. In this manner we continue and renew the friendships and associations made while we were in school.

The Alumnae welcome the Class of '41. We know that you will always be proud to be Alumnae of the Annie Wright Seminary, and we trust that you will work with us to keep alive this school which has given much to all of us, so that we may continue to go from "strength to strength."

Love and best wishes,

MARTHA TURNER GONYEA, '38.

## HERE AND THERE

### CLASS OF 1940

Vera Fraser and June Lynde have just completed an exciting year in Southern California as Scripps College Freshmen.

Mary Blankenhorn carried her usual enthusiasm to Ward-Belmont College in Memphis, Tennessee, where she is specializing in applied design.

Suzanne Ingram and Mary Kent Hewitt have finished their first year at Connecticut College. "Kenny" is going to Hawaii this summer.

Ann Chapman, attending Pine Manor Junior College in Wellesley, Massachusetts, was chosen representative from her house on the College Social Service Council.

Jean Webster entered Randolph-Macon College in Lynchburg, Virginia, this year, and now loves the South.

Doralu Redmon was appointed to the staff of the Stanford "daily." She intends to return to Stanford next year.

Mary Belle Martin and Lois Fisher plan to continue their good times at the University of Oregon as Sophomores next year.

Pat Early is a full fledged Sigma Kappa; Jean Fairweather, a Gamma Phi; Mary Page Sherman, a Delta Delta Delta, at the University of Washington.

Patty Bovee has been learning to fly. She has been seen riding her new five-gaited horse, and during the second semester, she joined her friends at Washington.

#### CLASS OF 1939

Gloria Difford, who is majoring in art at the University of Oregon, was chosen President of the Alpha Phi Sorority.

Gwen Couch, at the University of Kansas this year, is undoubtedly one of the "peppiest" Delta Gammas on the campus.

Muriel Mattson, completing her second year at Wellesley, was given honors for her scholastic work during her Freshman year.

Micky Filberg is studying voice in Toronto. She longs for Tacoma and her old friends.

Fay Garber, a Sigma Kappa at the University of Washington, is taking "pre-med" courses and is planning to go into bacteriology.

Margaret Miller is having a wonderful time as a Gamma Phi at the University of Washington.

Cis Steel, who is at the College of Puget Sound, often comes to see us at the seminary.

Jean Bullen, a Delta Gamma at Whitman, was chosen Secretary-Treasurer of the campus French Club.

#### CLASS OF 1938

Mary Nasmyth is helping National Defense by taking a C. P. T. flying training course at Whitman College.

Shirley Robbins received one of the highest honors this year at the University of Washington by being elected president of the Associated Women Students.

Judy Fraser has just finished her second year at Finch Junior College in New York.

Mrs. Douglas Gonyea (Martha Turner) and her husband are living in the country near Tacoma. Because she is the new President of the Alumnae Association, we often see her at school.

Frances Young, who completed her Junior year at Wellesley this year, is very prominent in campus activities.

Ann Murray returns to her home on Gravelly Lake this summer from Vassar. She spent Christmas with her family in Florida.

Lois Jannsen is a new member of the Raynor Chapter, Seattle's alumnae group.

Margaret McGinnis, who will return for her fourth year at Mills next fall, is majoring in dance and has made a tour through the Southwestern States with the dance group.

Cleo Garber is a very active Sigma Kappa at the University of Washington, and Virginia Crowe is a Delta Gamma.

Muriel MacDonald, ex '38, remained home this year after having been graduated from Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri. Also remaining at home was Jean Hutchinson, who attended the College of Puget Sound.

Mary Jean Morris was pledged Delta Gamma at the University of Washington this year after going to Mills for the two preceding years.

Marjorie Beam is a Kappa Kappa Gamma at Whitman College. She is Associate Editor of the college magazine and is very active in the dramatic society.

Lois Parker and Virginia Humbird continue their close friendship as Sigma Kappas at the University of Washington.

Betty Jo Simpson and Ann Huston often take time off from their studies at the University of Washington to be seen at the Olympic Bowl with their prettiest smiles, dresses, and men.

Frances Sanborn is at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.



## CLASS OF 1937

Mrs. Gordon Ketring (Elizabeth Post) has the most adorable new baby girl and a brand new home on the Sound.

Phyllis Ann Dickman, who has unusual artistic talent, returned after Christmas to Stanford to finish her course.

Elizabeth Ann Hewitt has completed four glorious years at Mills College.

Jean Anderson was graduated from the University of Washington last June.

Frances Sanborn was graduated from Stanford, but will return next year to study for her Master's Degree. She is Vice-President of the Foreign Trade Club and is a member of the National Spanish Honorary Society.

Lucy Strange, a member of the Raynor Chapter, moved to California with her mother, who is also a seminary alumna.

MARY HEARD, *Class XII.*

## WEDDINGS IN RAYNOR CHAPEL, 1940-41

Miss Corneila Marie Cardin to Mr. Paul S. Savidge, December the seventh.

Miss Edith Ann Fogg to Mr. Joseph M. Henderson, January the twenty-fifth.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Dorothy LaGasa to Mr. James MacKoon, announced at a tea honoring Miss Amy Lou Murray, who had just returned from an extended trip through the Eastern and Southern States.

## LEAVES OF AUTUMN

One, two—  
Floating downward,  
Golden hues—  
Drifting groundward.  
Blue skies—  
Haunting winds,  
A sea-gull's cry—  
All softly blend.

CZERNA FAUBION, *Class IX.*

